

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
TO KISS THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.

VOL. II.

SATURDAY, February 5, 1803.

[No. 18.]

THE CRIMINAL.

[From *Lost Honor*: by Schiller.]
(Continued from p. 130.)

THIS period also elapsed, and he went from the fortress; but quite a different creature from what he was when he came there. This forms the commencement of a new epoch in his life; but let us hear his own words, as he afterwards made a confession to the clergyman who attended him, and to the court of justice:

"I entered the fortress," said he, "as a strayed sheep, and left it as a finished villain. I had still something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride revolted at ignominy. As I was brought to the fortress, I was confined to the same apartment with three and twenty prisoners, amongst whom were two murderers, the rest were all noted thieves and vagabonds. They made a game of me, when I talked of God they urged me on to utter the most dreadful imprecations against our blessed Savior; they sung obscene songs, which I, a professed libertine, could not hear without disgust and horror; but what shocked my modesty most was, what I saw them practise. No day passed without the repetition of some scandalous scene of their lives, without the contrivance of some wicked scheme. At first, I fled from these miscreants,

and avoided, as much as possible, their intercourse, but I needed some creature to sympathise with me, and the barbarity of my keepers had even refused me my dog. The labor was hard and tyrannical, my constitution was sickly; I required help; and, if I must candidly confess it, I required compassion. So I habituated myself to the most detestable ideas, and in the last three months I became a greater proficient than my teacher.

"From this moment I thirsted for my liberty, as I thirsted for revenge. All mankind had injured me, for every one was better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as a martyr to the rights of man, and a sacrifice to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I impatiently bit my chains, when the sun set on the hill of my prison, an extensive prospect is a double hell for one that is confined. The fresh draught of wind, that whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, that harbored on the iron bar of my grated crevice, seemed to mock me with their liberty, and made my confinement appear the more horrid. It was then I swore an irreconcilable, unextinguishable hatred to all that bore the resemblance of man, and what I swore, I have faithfully kept.

"My first thought, on recovering my liberty, was my native town. As little as I had there to hope for my future support, the more promising were my

expectations of satiating my thirst for revenge. My heart beat more licentiously, as I described at a distance the steeple arise from amongst the woods. It was no more that heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction, which I had experienced on my first pilgrimage. The memory of all the hardships, of all the persecutions, I had once undergone there, awoke at once from a terrible death-like sleep, all my wounds bled afresh, and every scar to my honor was again uncipped. I redoubled my pace, for I anticipated in my mind the pleasure of overwhelming my enemies with consternation by my sudden appearance, and I now thirsted as much for humiliation, as I formerly trembled for it.

"The bell tolled to evening service, as I stood in the midst of the marketplace. The people thronged to church. They soon recollected me, and every one that stumbled on me, seemed shy and retreated. I had always been particularly fond of little children, and even now this attachment involuntarily got the better of me, and I offered a little boy, that hopped by me, a penny. The boy looked at me a few moments with a fixed stare, and then threw the money in my face. Had my blood been a little more cool, I would have remembered, that the long beard which I wore, since my release from the fortress, had disfigured the traits of my face, and had rendered them horrid—but my bad heart had infected my reason. Tears

such as I had never shed rolled over my cheeks.

"The boy knows not who I am, nor whence I come," said I, half audibly to myself, and yet he avails me like a bugbear. Am I then marked any where on the forehead, or have I no longer the appearance of a mortal, because I feel that I can no longer love one? The contempt of this boy pained me more sensibly than three years labor as a convict, for I had done him good, and could accuse him of no personal hatred.

"I seated myself in a carpenter's yard opposite the church; for what reason, I know not; but I well remember, that I arose irritated to the highest pitch, as none of all my acquaintance, who passed by, not even one, deigned to take the least notice of me. With reluctance, I left my station to seek for an inn; as I was turning the corner of a street I ran fully against my Johanna. 'Mine host of the sun!' exclaimed she quite loud, and advanced to embrace me. 'You here again, dear landlord of the sun! Thank God, that you are returned? Famine and extreme wretchedness were visible in her dress; an opprobrious malady in her face; her whole appearance bespoke the most abandoned of creatures, to which she was sunk. I soon conceived what must have happened. Several dragoons whom I had met, led me to believe, that there were soldiers quartered in the town. 'Soldier's trull!' cried I; and, in a fit of laughter, turned my back upon her. It gave me pleasure to think, that there was a creature in the scale of mankind more despicable than myself. I never loved her.

"My mother was dead; my creditors had paid themselves with my small house; I had nobody and nothing more to interest me; the whole world fled from me, as from a viper; but I had, at last, lost all sense of shame. Formerly, I had avoided the eyes of mankind, because I could not brook contempt. At present, I obtruded myself upon them, and took delight to scare them; I felt myself at my ease, since I had nothing more to lose, and nothing more to care for; I stood in no further need of any good quality, as no one supposed me capable of any.

"The wide world lay before me. I might have, perhaps, passed for an ho-

nest man in another province, but I had lost the courage even to appear as one. Despair and shame had at last obliged me to adopt this mode of thinking; it was the last subterfuge that remained to me, to reconcile myself to the want of honor, since I could no longer lay claim to any. Had my vanity and pride survived my degradation, I must have committed suicide.

"What my resolutions then were, I knew not properly myself, so much I recollected obscurely. I determined to deserve my fate; the laws, I thought, were a benefit to the world; I resolved, therefore, to infringe them. Formerly, I transgressed from necessity and levity; at present, I did it from free choice and for pleasure.

"The first thing I did, was to continue deer stealing. Hunting, in general, grew upon me to a passion; and, besides, it was also necessary for me to subsist. But this was not the only motive that actuated me; it was highly gratifying for me to set the prince's edict at defiance, and do my sovereign every possible injury. I was no wise afraid of being apprehended, for I had a ball ready for him who should detect me; and I knew well, that I did not miss my man. I killed all the game that came in my way, which I converted into money on the frontiers, was but little; the most I suffered to rot; I led a very miserable life, in order to defray the expence of powder and shot. My devastation in the prince's forests became the subject of common talk, but no longer did suspicion fall on me. My appearance extinguished it. My name was forgotten.

"This sort of life I led for several months. One morning, as usual, I reversed the wood, to follow the trace of a stag. Two hours I had fatigued myself to no purpose; and I then began to give up my booty as lost, when I at length discovered it within my shot. I was on the eve of putting the piece to my shoulder and of firing; but suddenly the appearance of a hat that lay a few paces from me on the ground, startled me. I cast my eyes around me on every side, and immediately discovered the huntsman, Robert, who, from behind the trunk of an aged oak, levelled at the same stag, for which I had designed my shot. A deadly damp pervaded all my limbs as I saw him. He, of all living,

was exactly the mortal whom I most abhorred, and—he was within the reach of my ball. In this moment it seemed to me as if the whole world lay in my shot, and the hatred of my whole life concentrated itself in the single point of the finger, with which I was to press the murderous trigger. An invincible dreadful hand hovered over me; the regulator of my fate pointed irrecoverably to this black minute; my arm trembled as I left to my gun the horrid choice; my teeth chattered as if in a feverish cold; and the breath, which had confined itself to my lungs, almost suffocated me. For a whole minute the muzzle of my gun remained doubtfully directed betwixt the man and the stag—a minute—and still a minute—a third!—Revenge and conscience contended obstinately and doubtfully, but revenge got the better, and the huntsman lay stretched a corpse on the earth.

"My arm dropt with the shot—'Murderer!' stutered I slowly.—The forest was still as a church yard—I heard distinctly that I said murderer. As I slept nearer, the man died. Long did I stand speechless before the deceased; a loud fit of laughter, at length, gave me respiration. 'Will you now hold your tongue, my friend?' said I, and, stepping boldly up to the body, turned the face outwards. The eyes stood wide open; I grew serious, and became again quite silent.—I began to feel strange.

"The judgment of God never once occurred to me; but a judgment; I do not well know which. A confused remembrance of the halber and sword, and the execution of a child-murderess, which I had witnessed as a school boy, there lay something extremely frightful for me in the idea, that my life, from the present moment, was forfeited. The other particulars of what I then felt, I cannot now recollect. I wished immediately after the perpetration of the murder, that the huntsman had still lived. I did myself violence to recall in a lively manner to my remembrance all the evil he had done me during his life, but, strange! my memory seemed as if it had died within me; I could not retrace a single circumstance of all that, but a quarter of an hour before, had driven me mad; I could not at all conceive how I could have been guilty of this murder.

(To be continued.)

The Student, No. I.

It has ever been the misfortune of man, to consider those the greatest blessings, from which birth or chance may have excluded him. The peasant sees a Paradise in the sumptuous apartments of the great, while the sequestered enjoyments of his cottage lie tasteless and neglected. The serene and complacent sense, he construes into dull insipidity—the peaceful round of domestic care appears to him, the lifeless monotony of an unvaried calm, and he sighs amid the profusion of Nature for pleasures he can never share in. It is thus that happiness borrows additional charms, from remoteness and difficulty of acquisition. Is it then to be wondered that a *Student*, whose speculations have ever been moulded to his *Etrovo-Chair*, and whose knowledge of society is as rude as the walls of the college which he inhabits—whom imperious Education has excluded from one of the highest pleasures of existence—the society of the fair; and rendered as unfit to amuse them, as his *Cordero* or his *Lexicon*—that such an one, I say, should sigh for a more intimate converse with those charms which he has hitherto contemplated only at an awful distance, and attempt that happiness with the pen, from which his personal awkwardness would forever debar him?

Chance has certainly rendered me the most unhappy fellow in the world. Though my father's friends were always persuading him, that Nature intended me rather for the fine *Gentleman* than the *Scholar*, and particularly my mother, who declared that those nasty hard Great words would certainly twist her dear Billy's tongue into a cork-serpent; yet such was the pertinacity of my sire to the favorite maxim of his ancestors that Learning should be hereditary in the family, that he was deaf to every remonstrance, and answered the strongest objection by pointing out traits in my countenance, which he was sure were indications of future genius. Accordingly I was no sooner able to lisp, than I was nailed to the dead languages for life. I scarce need observe how much this measure was at war with my natural disposition. I was at first refractory; but the wholesome flagellations of my good master *Penitence*, soon beat me into a tacit insensibility, and nouns, pronouns and adverbs were fairly

strapped into my brain. But although while young, the rigid discipline of the School left me little chance for "idle practices," as my gentle master was pleased to term every thing which was not sanctioned by the example of his *Idol Socrates*; yet no sooner had I entered college, and obtained a greater latitude of action and of opinion, than my native disposition began to make its way through the rubbish, in which the violence of education had buried it. The fair began to intrude themselves on my closet hours. I was in love with no less than thirteen maids of ancient memory, and could have jumped from the top of our steeple, to have rescued the neglected Sappho from the shades. Frequently while descending with the Poet into Hell, I was conversant with the vision of some angelic mortal. The ladies occupied my thoughts more than *air pumps*, and their eyes made a far greater impression on my senses, than the stars of the planetary system. In short every thing moulded itself into the idol of my brain. The favors of my imagination led me to fancy the steward's old housekeeper a *Venus*; and I was often ruminating for hours on the elegance of a female face which I tho't I could collect from the folds of my bed-quilt. Nor did this unconquerable propensity to the fair evaporate in the mere fantasies of enthusiasm. More than once did I form the resolution of entering *propterea persona* into their presence; but was as often deterred by a consideration of my figure and address. For you must know that my phiz is the most unhappy combination imaginable—yellow hair and grey eyes—a nose grown enormously large by the operation of pinching and pulling while in the attitude of thought, and ornamented to boot with not a few sedentary carbuncles—a brow clothed by the severity of habit in an unconquerable frown, and to crown all an accent which my friend Tim Truant tells me, resembles for all the world the cant of a short fed parson. It was however by Tim's solicitation (who by the bye is not a novice in the fashionable world), that I overlooked these objections, and consented to accompany him on a visit to — where he was sure we should see a *total eclipse* (I think he called it so) of the fair. Accordingly no sooner were we arrived, than out we marched from our lodgings—my friend mightily tickled I suppose with the idea of the figure I should cut on my first entrance into

what he calls *Life*, and myself armed with the resolution of a *Heator*, to endure if possible without flinching, the blaze of that spectacle which awaited me; determined on my return to compose a latin heroic on the occasion, and make some favorite fait one the *Andromachè* of my song. As we approached the door however, I felt as if I had been seated on the tripod of the *Delphic Oracle*, and would have given my best edition of *Homer*, to have been snug in my elbow-chair again. There was however no retreating. Tim had already knocked at the door, and after the ceremony of a half undressing in the passage, we were ushered into a world of caps, gowns and candles; for such did the company appear to me in the horrors of embarrassment. My good friend led or rather dragged me across the room, to introduce me to the lady of the house. I saluted her with an *attic bow*, which I had previously formed with mathematical correctness for the occasion. There was a general titter throughout the room—I felt as if I had been hissing on a bed of live coals—Being requested to take a seat, and seeing one vacant near me, I made for it with all expedition; and reached it just in time to cut out an unfortunate lady who had moved from the opposite end of the room with the same intention, and who, in my confusion I had not observed. Not feeling a very great inclination for risk another movement, I remained partly raised from my chair, in a state of hesitating equilibrium, till the lady was so good as return whence she had set out. The horse-laughts of the gentlemen, and the roughs, pig-whispers and smothered exclamations of the female part of the company, which followed, would have put the devil himself out of countenance, and you may be sure (as we say at college) *in triumph* the most effectually. After acquiring however some degree of composure, the first use which I made of my senses, was to remark the astonishing safety of this new assembly of beings. Myself and a *tabby* who lay sleeping at my feet, were the only silent creatures in the room, and I trembled least a fair figure who sat next to me, should consider her catship and myself of a piece; especially when I observed that every other gentleman was straining himself to amuse his neighbor, and popping his nose very pleasantly into the face of the fair ones at his side. God knows my fair companion had nothing terri-

ble in her aspect; and yet when I attempted to address her I felt such an irresistible awe, that all the Hector shrank within me. To begin was the rub. While ransacking the records of ancient courtesy for a topic, my attention was arrested by a part of her dress which had before escaped me. Her neck was very carefully enclosed in a clean white bandage, and two stiff starched collars of the same materials, and which projected beyond the neck-cloth, seemed intended to support her head. Not having ever seen the like before, I concluded that these singular appendages were worn by the way of remedy for a violent sore throat. Consideration therefore would I contrived the happiest introduction to a conversation: both as it would appear that I felt a strong interest in her welfare; and also that I was concerned in being robbed of the pleasure of admiring the graceful turnings of that neck, with which Nature meant to enchant the beholder. I therefore, after a moment's thought to frame my sentence, and with the best air I could possibly assume, asked her very respectfully, if she were afflicted with an obstruction in the gutturals; (but alas! I fear with too much of the air of an *Esculapian*) for her lovely features were instantly modelled into a perfect caricature of amazement, and instead of a civil answer to what I thought a very civil question, I received a most emphatical *Sir?* with one of the most supercilious smiles my eyes ever beheld. This threw me into such total embarrassment that I believe I should scarcely have ventured to open my mouth, or my eyes for the rest of the evening, had not Tim at that moment stepped up, and given a new turn to the conversation, which, though it was as unintelligible to me as the *Sybilline*, yet served to keep me in countenance. It would be tedious to enumerate all the trials of that unhappy evening, which still dwell painfully on my recollection, nor the diversion which my awkwardness in several other instances afforded the company. Let it suffice to say, that I never volunteered to introduce a topic, but I involuntarily wandered into the obscure fictions of ancient mythology;—if a lady remarked on the fineness of the evening, I was led to discuss the properties of the *tempest*;—if on the pleasantness of a moonlight excursion on the water, I ventured a remark on the doctrine of the tides; and the action and reaction

of fluids; and the *pulling* and the *pushing* invariably took possession of my brain on mention of the theatre. If a lady was admired, I took the liberty of enquiring whether her nose were Roman or Grecian, her figure reclining, or her shoulders perpendicular to the horizon. Finding therefore, that all my attempts to introduce or keep up a conversation were fruitless, and that my remarks, which were delivered with a studied precision, and an unaltered gravity, were productive of merriment rather than admiration, I waited with impatience for the moment of departure. This at length came, and Tim had the goodness to lead me from this state of terrestrial purgatory, resolved never to intrude myself again among beings of a superior order, whose society I am so unfit to share in; but to lament in the silence of my chamber the stern penance of my destiny; and to beguile the tedious hours of seclusion, in framing to myself imaginary pictures of that world from which fate has so cruelly exiled me. Tim however, begged me not to despair. Meg, (says he, for so he usually styles me by way of brevity) Meg, says he, the ladies read sometimes, and perhaps, under the disguise of an author, you may make your approaches to them, as near as your heart can wish. Perhaps while Betty is curling her mistress's hair for the evening, the charming fair one may happen to glance on your envious production, and bestow on it the unconscious tribute of a smile; and perhaps, (but I fear you will consider it too great a happiness) perhaps it may in the end serve to entwine the sportive ringlet, that plays on the bosom of *Aurelia*—and, perhaps—but I could hear no more. Yes, said I, Tim, (with impatience) you are right. The page of the *composuer*, it certainly the finest field for the scholastic gentleman, and the *elbow-chair*, his best passport to fame. Perhaps Tim, in the garb of sentences and of paragraphs, they may not detect the bluntness of the unhappy Omega; and I may be more successful in the flourishes of my pen, than I have been in those of my person. Tim commended my zeal, but at the same time gave me a few items of his advice on that score, that I might not be as unsuccessful in the second as in the first attempt. He bade me be particularly careful in my lucubrations to avoid all unreasonable allusions to antiquity, and not suffer my writings to smother too much of the shop—that I should never

suffer the *obscure* of more than five syllables, and above all things, never to interlard by *Latin* or *Greek* quotations, which he assured me, would be as shocking, at first glance, to most of my fair readers, as the hand writing on the wall, to the petrified *Nebuchadnezzar*. Although my friend Tim must be well acquainted with the avenues to female complacency, yet I must beg leave to differ from him in the last particular; and hoping that my gentle reader will not think that I am enquiring into the health of her gutturals, I conclude with a favorite and well known motto—

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

—to which that I may have an opportunity of *dashing* (I think Tim calls it so) in my own way, and for the benefit of those few ladies, who may be so peculiarly unfortunate as not to understand *Latin*, I shall subjoin the following translation—

All own alike Love's fond resistless way,
Alike the monarch and the slave obey;
Nor State's rules, nor letter'd laws can bind
The eye of transport, that they thrall the mind,
And 'e'en the close-pur'd student from his cell,
On drops the Classic Page to view the passing
Syntax Hall.

P. S. As a proof of the sincerity of my professions, I should have finished my first Paper with an eulogium on the sex, in whose smiles I feel myself so much interested—but I feared that mine would be considered as the language of enthusiasm, and that any attempt from my pen, to delineate the features of female excellence, would wear rather the aspect of extravagant rant, than the sober effort of experience. Besides, my friend Tim had promised to indulge me with an eulogium on that subject. He will be better able to do justice to those charms with which he has always been conversant.

It was a good thought of a little girl who was at dinner among a large party (fearing she had been forgotten to be helped) to crumble some bread upon her plate, saying at the same time to a boiled chicken near her, "Come, biddy, come."

SUCIDE.

SOME time ago, a person went to an insurance office in England, where lives are insured against all accidents, and even suicide. Having secured to his heirs the price set upon his life, he invited the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner, he said to the life and death brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying but by your assistance, and now I am your humble servant," and immediately pulled out a pistol and shot himself.

A RECONCILIATION.

Between a divided pair, happily effected by the innocent interposition of a child.

A MAN of fashion and fortune having seduced an amiable woman, kept her between four and five years, during which she brought him a very fine girl, and they were both exceedingly fond of her. His relations, who had long wished to disengage him from an attachment which they could not approve, urged him at last with so much earnestness to marry a young lady, in every respect deserving of his attention, that he consented to an union with her, and took the first opportunity to tell his mistress that he was going to separate himself from her, and that he should see her no more; adding, however, that he would take care of his daughter (then three years old) and make an addition to her settlement. The fond mistress, the doating mother, received this intelligence with an affliction not to be described. As she had at first yielded to her seducer, rather from the violence of her love for him than from any vicious propensity, she was the more touched at the thoughts of leaving him for ever: but when she considered that she could not deserve it herself, and that she could not take any steps to prevent his alliance with a woman worthy of him, without acting against his interest, she endeavored to reason herself into a state of mind which would permit her to bear the separating scene with tolerable fortitude: yet when he came to take his leave of her, she felt herself quite unequal to the task: all her attempts to appear resigned were

fruitless, and she fainted away. The child, whom her father had at that moment laid upon his knee, broke hastily from him, ran to her mother, and whilst her little heart was ready to burst with anguish, with her eyes full of tears, exclaimed—"No—I will never go with you; now you have killed poor mamma!" The lover, the father, the man, indeed, could not sustain this affecting reproach from the amiable innocent: he hastened to raise the unhappy mourner from a distressing condition, which she was not able to support. As soon as her senses returned, he declared, putting her child into her arms, and pressing them both to his beating bosom, that he could not think of tearing himself from such a daughter, and such a mother, and that he would the next day give her a legal title to him for ever. He kept his word, and the sweet girl, who had cemented their union, is the source of all the happiness which they at present enjoy.

Messrs. Printers,

The following Love Letter, together with its answer, I discovered a few days since in an Alexandria paper. As there appears considerable originality in both, they are submitted to you for your perusal, should they have merit sufficient, your inserting them will much oblige

Yours, &c.

A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

Madam,

MOST worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make a preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation

Of Yours,

SANS DISSEMINATION.

THE ANSWER.

Shr, I PERUSED your oration with much deliberation and a little consternation; at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to shew such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation; or had sprung from ostentation to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation, in each respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation,

Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

STANZAS

Written to console a young lady for an impediment in her speech.

WHEN fair Almeria's gentle voice,
Divides the yielding air, you do not
Hear on her lips the quivering sounds
Excess of bliss declare.

There, ling'ring round their rosy gate,
They view their fragrant cell;
Unwilling yet to leave that smooth
Where all the graces dwell.

While some soft accents strike the ear
With sweet imperfect sound,
A thousand others die within,
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet through this cloud, distinct and clear,
Strong sense directs to duty;
And, while it seems to shun the ear,
Strikes home upon the heart.

A felon who was just on the point of being turned off, asked the hangman if he had any message to send to the place where he was going. "I will trouble you with a line," replied the finisher of the law, placing the cord under his left ear.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. LEE.

GENERAL LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners and has often, by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending Gen. Washington to a place distant from the camp. Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, some time before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, and demanded something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him victuals in a moment—but he must first help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat which she placed for him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, whom she said she heard was one of the oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few moments she desired the general again to help her on with the pot; and scarce had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket, and go to the well. Lee made no objection, and began drawing the water. In the mean time Gen. Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was dispatched in search of Lee: whom to his surprise, he found engaged as above. But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, with the title of Excellency! The mug fell from her hand, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to the aid-de-camp, observed, "You see young man, the advantage of a fine coat—the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; neither virtue nor abilities, without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 5, 1803.

L. A.'s communication will not be inserted, unless it is considerably compressed.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 31 persons during the week ending on the 29th ult. viz. of Dropsy 1—Small Pox 2—Quinsey 1—Pits 1—Swelling in the side 1—Weakness 1—Consumption 6—Burnt 1—Sudden 1—Typhus Fever 1—and of diseases not mentioned 15—Of the whole number, 17 were adults, and 14 children.

We last week published an account of the death of Mr. Samuel Marsh, occasioned by a shot made by one of the officers of the revenue of this state—on further enquiry, we find the report ill-founded, and totally devoid of truth. Persons who fabricate and report falsehoods for truth, know not the injury they may occasion society by such practices.

Elizabeth Towne's paper.

About half past two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, as the brig Olive was coming in the Hook, she was struck with lightning, and Robert Cone, one of the seamen, at the mast head, was killed; another seaman was struck down and very badly burned; captain Shepherd and a passenger was also knocked down, but received no material injury.

She came too the same evening off the Battery—shortly after parted both cables, and drifted on shore at Corlear's Hook.

A schooner bound to Alexandria on Monday the 24th inst. with 1300 bushels of wheat, was cut through by the ice, about nine miles below that place, and in a few minutes sunk. The hands were saved. And a small schooner loaded with oysters, having got her bows upon the ice, went under stern foremost, and every person on board perished.

On Tuesday evening, the 25th ult. the following unfortunate circumstance took place in a public house at Alexandria:—A Mr. James Dillon, from Fredericksburg, having made too free with wine after dinner, was prevailed upon by some young gentlemen to mount upon a chair and deliver his sentiments upon the Mississippi business. In the height of his harangue, some one pulled the chair from under him, and threw him with his head against a table, which cut it considerably and put a period to his existence in 16 hours.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28. LIBERAL OPINIONS; *F. Dibdin* (advertised for the last times). *THE WIND GOOSE CHASE*; altered from *Katzebie* by *W. Dunlop*, was advertised for the afterpiece, but could not be performed, owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Hallam, who had performed in the comedy, and after changing his dress for *Rifleberg* in the farce, was seized so violently as to occasion fear of immediate death. After many fruitless attempts to find some substitute, Mr. Hodgkinson came forward, related the circumstances and, at a indulgence for the disappointment; which was cheerfully and liberally granted.

We are weary of recording a "beggerly account of empty boxes" to the representation of "Liberal Opinions," and sincerely hope that the manager will not again experience such a mortifying return when he shall bring forward a new play. That the public should not adopt a play after seeing it performed is common; but it has seldom happened, that a play has failed to attract an audience on its first exhibition, from curiosity, or a desire to judge of its merits.

SATURDAY, JAN. 29. *FIRST LOVE*; *G. Cumberland*. *GAZ BLAS*; *W. Bates*.

MONDAY, JAN. 31. *REPRESENTATION OF THE BEZAL HARON*; *W. Dunlop*; and *ROBINSON CRUSOE*.

This tragedy was formerly performed in John-street, under the title of *THE MYSTERIOUS MONK*, and was now revived for the purpose of bringing forward a young candidate for public favor, in the character of *Theodore*. The piece was thus cast:—

Ribbement, and *Mr. Hodgkinson* (By a gentleman of this City, being his first appearance on any Stage). *Manuel*; *Mr. Fennell*. *Jaques*; *Robinson*. *Porter*; *Shapter*. *Pensant*; *Macdonald*. *Monks*, and *Attendants*; *Countess*; *Mrs. Whitlock*. *Nana*, *Orphans*, &c.

The story of the tragedy is this:—

Francis, having summoned his nobles to lead their vassals against the Emperor Charles, Count Narbonne and his followers, on their way to the place of rendezvous, take up their quarters on the domain of Ribbemont, his long tried friend. Narbonne living on terms of brotherly familiarity with Ribbemont and his lady, gives an opportunity for the execution of a plan of diabolical revenge. It appears that Ribbemont had formerly injured one of his vassals, both by personal insult and denying him permission to marry one of the Countesses attendants, named Adeline. The villain seizes the present opportunity, and by the aid of his mistress raises a furious tempest of jealousy in the breast of Ribbemont, who is fully convinced that his wife has sacrificed his honor to his perfidious friend. Under this impression he calls Narbonne out, and without explanation fights, and leaves him for dead: but the body being found by the monks of a neighboring convent, is conveyed thither and recovered. In the mean time, the furious Ribbemont, filled with the barbarous notions of the age of darkness, determines to murder his wife without making known his supposed shame; and applies at the convent for poison under false pretences. The principal of the convent having saved Narbonne, conceals him under the habit of a monk and introduces him to the castle of Ribbemont. Upon the application of the latter for poison, suspecting his purpose, he gives him a powder which produces a death-like sleep; during which, the unconscious lady is removed to the tomb of Ribbemont in the chapel, where Narbonne, as Mandel the monk, watches her waking, and obtains her confidence so far as to persuade her to remain in the chapel, while he is endeavoring to cure the distempered mind of Ribbemont. Ribbemont sends for his son Theodore, a youth then studying at Paris, and confides to him the story of his false friend and false wife; but the youth having had previous conversation with the mysterious Manuel, questions his father in such manner as raises doubts in Ribbemont's mind of the propriety of his own conduct. A letter is soon after delivered to him written by the revengeful vassal, pointing out the manner in which he had been deceived, and cautioning him for his credulity, folly, and guilt. This overwhelms Ribbemont; and determines Theodore to pursue the author of his father's ruin

for vengeance: he does so, overtakes and kills him, but is seized in the act, cast into prison and condemned to death. The news of his son's ruin compleats the misery of Ribbemont, who justly views himself as the destroyer of his friend, his wife and son: he flies to Theodore after having in vain applied to his judges. The youth endeavors to prevail upon his father to save him from public execution by procuring poison for him. The father, conceiving the design of suicide, agrees and leaves him. On the return of Ribbemont with the poison, a struggle takes place between the father and son, the son endeavoring to persuade the father to survive him; and as the frantic Ribbemont lifts the fatal draught to his lips, his wife rushes in accompanied by Narbonne, still as the monk, with a pardon obtained from the king. The astonishment of Ribbemont at seeing her alive, whom he had supposed to be murdered by his own hand, and his transports on finding his son and wife restored to him, are only to be heightened by the conviction that his friend did not die by his sword; which is afforded him by Manuel's discovering himself to be Narbonne, giving his forgiveness to the man of error.

The play was received with applause, but the critics found it wanting in incident: too much of the story being narrative.

The young gentleman who performed Theodore indicated some talents, but neither his figure or voice were impressive.

Mr. Hodgkinson's Ribbemont was spirited, and the sententious Monk was ably represented by Mr. Fennell.

The part of the Countess gave little scope for Mrs. Whitlock's exertions.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; Goldsmith. LOCK AND KEY; P. Hoare.

FRIDAY, FEB. 4.

VOICE OF NATURE, (first time) and WILD GOOSE CHASE; Kotzebue.

This delightful Drama, makes an appeal to the heart, which is irresistible. It is a chaste and moral production; a tale of private sorrow, told with simplicity and elegance, and fascinating every hearer. We can only here express our approbation, and must leave for our next an account of the fable and the manner of performance.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE!

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Robert Steele, merchant, to Miss Esther Waring, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Nathan Sayer, to Miss Sally Carpenter, both of this city.

In East-Haddam, Mr. Roswell Cone, to Miss Lydia Hungerford.



DEATHS.

On Thursday, the 27th ult., Elizabeth Campbell, formerly a respectable Milliner in this city.

On Saturday, Mr. Abraham S. Ten Eyck.

On Tuesday, after a tedious illness, Mrs. Jane Dale, wife of Capt. Robert Dale, aged 48 yrs. 3 mths.

At Trenton, on Saturday, Mr. John C. Hummel, keeper of the Union Inn, in the 44th year of his age.

In South-Carolina, John Hunter, formerly Senator of the U. S.

THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed, that after this evening, the Theatre must necessarily be closed for a few weeks.

THIS EVENING, will be presented,

A Drama, 2d time, called, The

Voice of Nature.

To which will be added, a celebrated Comic Opera, called

Lock and Key.



THE PUZZLED PATIENT.

DEAR Cousin, much I wish for your advice,
'Tis on a point extremely nice,
'Bout which my mind is in a cold quandary;
By your opinion I would fain abide,
Betwixt two personages to decide—
My dog and my apothecary.

To state the case—Monsieur L'apothecaire
Thinks proper to declare,

That I must drink a pint of bark a day;
Because, he says, 'twill be the way
To strengthen and recruit me now I'm wasted.
That may be true; yet still I'm loth to drink:
It is the vilest stuff I ever tasted.

But that's not all; for you must know
A noisy house-dog that I keep,
Doth ev'ry night contrive it so
That I can get no sleep—
And am I not in piteous plight,
With bark all day, and bark all night.

Now prithee, cousin, tell me what to do
Betwixt the two—

"Why hang the dog," I think I hear thee say,
Atas, poor *foxy*!
Would that be treating thee quite fair?
If either must be hang'd, I own
I'd rather leave the dog alone,
And hang the other spark.
Who deals in bark—
Monsieur L'apothecaire.

M. C.

To certain fair Ladies of CHELSEA.
[From an English point.]

"NOW EV'RY MAN, OR RICH OR POOR,
A FORTUNE ASKS, AND ASKS NO MORE."

TO the words of a friend, Chelsea damsels attend;
Give ear to these lines which in pity I've pen'd;
'Tis honest advice—Ladies be not too nice,
For young men are now at a much higher price
THAN THEY HAVE BEEN.

Be wise, and restrain all your scornful disdain;
At gallant's you slight, both they'll slight you again;
Then you'll surely run mad, or weep heavy and sad,
For there are not so many young men to be had
AS THERE HAVE BEEN.

Purchase you suppose five farveloid cloths
Will serve for a portion; but under the rose
If the truth may be spoke, this is all a sweet joke,
Fond love, without money, will vanish like smoke,
STILL TO TELL YE.

The plain country clown, although just come to town,
Despises sweet Miss in her butterfly gown—
No, no, it won't do, there must be a few
Bright glittering guineas, a thousand or two,
OR HE'LL LEAVE YOU.

Gallants are grown wise, a Portion they prize;
A fig for the charms of your conquering eyes:
Money, money, they cry, modern husbands must buy;
So hold up your purses, and lasses bid high,
OR LIVE SINGLE.

The bachelors they will beg and will pray,
And then sub you off with provoking delay:
Come fortune there must, so down with your dame,
Or, my dear, you'll be happy so jump in a clime,
WHEN YOU GET AT.

The Child of Sorrow's Tale.

DENY, but do not taunt a maid
Who never scorn with scorn repays;
Proud man, though now I ask you and
Mine once, alas! were happier days.
But sorrow mark'd me for her own
Before I told my twentieth year—
Yet when my friends began to frown,
I but reproach'd them with—a tear.
I ne'er could frame the harsh reply,
The look unkind by feeling fear'd,
Even when I met disdain's cold eye,
Even when I cruel language heard.
I've seen my friend, my earliest friend,
Refuse my tale of woe to hear;
Yet still unwilling to offend,
All my remembrance was—a tear.

And I have known the slanderer's tongue
My name with vile dissent taint;
Yet on my lips no curses hung,
Tho' mournful, mild was my complaint.
And I was forc'd by cruel power
To leave the scenes I held most dear:
O! tears indeed crying bawl
Yet all my language was—a tear.

And I have known the youth I lov'd
Retract the vows he swore to me,
Behold my pallid cheek uncolor'd,
And smiling boast that he was free!
Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)
I saw him woo a maid more dear—
But I was mute, I only shed—
No—no! I could not shed a tear.

Ah! full was then my cup of grief—
Friends, fortune, lover, faith, all lost—
A beggar now I ask relief,
A small, *strifling* boon at most.
Still can you chide me from your door?
Ah, no!—your looks compassion wear—
So large a gift!—Oh! words were poor—
I think, I bless you in—a tear.

Some women dress as if their clothes were made to
sell the body, rather than to cover it.
As rain opposes the wind, so do tears calm rage.

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